THE HISTORY OF HENRY the Fourth.

Enter the King, Lord *John of Lancaſter*, Earle of *Weſtmerland*, with others

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath ſhort-winded accents of new broyles,
To be commenc't in ſtronds a farre remote:
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoyle,
Shall dawbe his lips with her own childrens blood;
No more ſhall trenching Warre chanell her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flowers with the armed hooſes
Of hoſtile paſes: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heaven,
All one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloſe of civill butchery,
Shall now in naturall wel-beſeeming rankes,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maſter: therefore friends,
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe Souldiers now, under whoſe bleſſed Croſſe
We are impreſſed and engag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhall we levie,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombs,
To chaſe theſe *Pagans* in thoſe holy fields,
Over whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feete,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22287) LONDON, 1639 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.483) Octavo